The Prologue.

Chorus.

Two housholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From auncient grudge, breake to new mutinie,
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes,
A paire of starre-crost louerstake their life:
Whose misaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their death bury their Parents strife.
The feareful passage of their death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their Childrens end nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here shall misse, our toile shall striue to mend: